

# *VLTIMVM VALE*

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## *13. When will the fountaine of my teares be drye.*

1

When wil the fountain of my teares be dry,  
When will my sighs be spent:  
When wil desire agree to let me dye,  
When will thy heart relent:  
It is not for my life I plead,  
Since death the way to rest doth leade:  
But stay for thy consent,  
Least thou bee discontent.

2

For if my selfe without thy leaue I kill,  
My Ghost will neuer rest,  
So hath it sworne to worke thine onely will,  
And holdes it euer best.  
For since it onely liues by thee,  
Good reason thou the ruler be:  
Then giue me leaue to dye,  
And shew thy power thereby.